

READINGS BOOKLET



ALBERTA
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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33
Part B: Reading

January 1992

Alberta
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

Part B: Reading

READINGS BOOKLET

DESCRIPTION

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are eight reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Total time allotted: 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet and an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JANUARY 1992



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- I. Questions 1 to 9 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the short story "Managing Just Fine."

from MANAGING JUST FINE

I'm working in this snackbar on Highway 2 between Trenton and Belleville. They got some cabins and a gas pump and I got to take care of it all when Hank isn't here, or his wife. But she's mostly up at the house taking care of the five little boys.

- 5 Hank is one of these men thinks he's God's gift to women. Angela, his wife, is so dragged-out looking, but she always smiles and asks about my baby.

Zeke and I were both glad about the baby, Veronica Louise. And I swear to God I wouldn't change one moment of my life if it meant I'd end up without her.

- 10 Before we had Veronica, it was like we were living the words of a love song. Same cabin but we both worked ten, twelve hours a day, pulling in big money, and time-off was so special.

- I can hardly blame Zeke for taking off. He left me every cent he had to his name and a little note that ended with a quote from Bob Dylan. I'm keeping the
15 note to show Veronica when she's old enough.

When my Unemployment ran out, I got this job at the snackbar Tuesdays to Saturdays. I feel sure I'm doing the right thing, that I'm managing my life just fine.

- The only problem is Hank cuts corners wherever he can because the cabins
20 are empty all winter and most people get gas at the big self-serve outfits in town. So in the snackbar he serves the cheapest food possible. So he makes me mix brown bread into the hamburger. Every Tuesday when I come in there's these loaves of stale brown bread and a big mound of fat hamburger. I have to grind the bread in a meat grinder and mix it in with the hamburger in this big bowl.
25 Then you take a handful of it and little squares of wax paper and you push it down with a cold iron. You end up with a whole pile of flat hamburger patties full of bread, and you freeze them.

It doesn't seem legal to me. When I said that to Hank, he just laughed.

- I've eaten these hamburgers myself and they don't taste half bad, but when
30 I serve them to customers, I feel like a liar and a cheat.

- There's this nice fellow comes in every Wednesday, drives a transport so big I bet it has a hundred lights at night. He always gets two hamburgers and a chocolate milkshake. At least we do make decent milkshakes with real milk and not those awful thick ones you can't even suck up your straw. This fellow doesn't
35 take a thing on his hamburgers. No mustard, onion, not even ketchup. And he always leaves a five-dollar tip.

Last Wednesday, he comes in and there's nobody else in the snackbar. I don't even know his name but I go, "Hi there."

He goes, "The name's Bill but most people call me Curly."

- 40 "That's funny. Your name's Curly and you have curly hair. Usually people named Curly are bald, you know?" Then I feel stupid but he just laughs. I once

Continued

knew a man named Curly and he was bald. But mostly I'm talking because I don't want to get to the phoney hamburgers.

45 But he orders them and I fry them up, feeling like a liar and a cheat. When he's eating, I figure I should talk to him or he'll just have to stare at himself in the mirror because there's nobody else around. I wish Hank would come in but he doesn't.

"Nice day. The leaves are sure beautiful. They say they're really nice around Brighton," I tell him.

50 He says he likes October a lot.

He's chewing his hamburger with his mouth closed and sipping his milkshake. When I made it, I put in extra chocolate syrup and a couple of those little cream things.

"You got a little baby?" he asks out of the blue.

55 This really throws me off balance. I was trying to think up more to say about the leaves. "Yes, a girl. Named Veronica."

"Seen you pushing a baby carriage up the lane to Read's."

"You know Mrs. Read?"

"No, I seen it on the mailbox. These are real good hamburgers."

60 I feel like a liar and a cheat again. "I gotta tell you something." I'm looking down at the counter when I talk. "There's brown bread ground up in the hamburger. A whole bunch of it. It's not my idea."

He stops chewing.

65 I figure that's the end of the five-dollar tips. And tips mean whether I can buy Pampers or wash diapers and try to heat water on that little stove.

"Oh, I knew that," he says and I can hardly remember what we were talking about, I'd got myself in such a stew.

"I grew up with bread in my hamburger," he goes on. "I like it that way. I come in here on purpose for the bread in the hamburgers. It was nice of you to tell me, though."

70 He smiles and wipes his mouth with his paper napkin. I start filling the napkin holders for something to do.

He finishes his milkshake without slurping through the straw. He's a big man, but neat and careful. The truck he hauls is bigger than the whole snackbar.

75 Before he speaks again I've filled all the holders. He folds his napkin and wipes a spot on the counter with it but there's nothing to wipe there because I've just been staring at that place.

"Your husband work around here?" he asks at last.

80 "No, he used to work at the Quaker Oats in Trenton but he got laid off. We just lived together for a year and then he had to move on. That's the way it goes sometimes. I'm managing just fine." I look around the snackbar as if I own it.

I know I'm talking too much, but it follows. After I told him about the hamburger, I had to keep on telling him the truth.

85 He starts talking a blue streak: "Friend of mine was driving this load of he didn't know what and he turns her over on the 401. Wasn't hurt or nothing but some of the load spills out. These funny little things start blowing around. Couldn't figure it out at first. Turns out to be a whole load of these little fake seeds. Fake

Continued

90 raspberry seeds for some canning factory to put in their cheap plum jam and pass it off for raspberry jam. So they need the seeds. A lot of people stopped on the highway to take a look. Fake seeds. You never know."

"Yeah," I agree with him. "You never know what's in something."

He always leaves the tip folded lengthwise under his hamburger plate so I turn my back and fiddle with the ice cream scoop soaking in the milky water.

95 "So long then. See you next week," he says.

"Goodbye, Bill," I say and I don't look anywhere near his hamburger plate.

"Nice talking to you." He pays and I drop the change into his big hand.

"Might be coming through on Saturday. Might drop by then. Keep grinding out the bread. Probably better for people than all that red meat anyways."

100 The stool he sat on is still turning around and around when his transport pulls out. I can hear the gears changing down the highway and I can imagine his big hands on the wheel.

The tip was ten dollars.

105 I'm going to get Pampers and some green eye shadow and I'm going to wear the eye shadow on Saturday.

Later on Hank comes in humming and tells me to fill up the napkin holders and I tell him they're already filled up.

Joan Fern Shaw
Contemporary Canadian author

II. Questions 10 to 21 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Don Quixote*.

from DON QUIXOTE

NARRATOR: *In La Mancha, one of the provinces of Spain, lives Don Quixote, a gangling, gawky, gregarious¹ scholar of fifty years. Bald-headed, bow-legged, and near-sighted, Don Quixote is the laughing-stock of the village. Everyone knows him; everyone likes him; and everyone laughs at him. There he is now, sitting under that apple tree, musing about the latest adventures of some young hero in a novel.*

DON QUIXOTE: “And they lived happily ever after.” (*Sighs*) I’m glad it all came right in the end, but I’m sorry that the end has come so fast. With so much evil in the world, it’s nice to read about some goodness once in a while. But why should there be evil in the world? Surely it could be stamped out. Of course. Why should this thought, which so suddenly jolts into my mind like a fistful of lightning, never have come to me before? At last, my mission in life is made clear. I must take up arms! I must mount my gallant steed! I must right the wrongs of the world, and thus do honor to my lady love! But . . . I have no arms, no steed. I have no lady love. How can that be? I know I am a true knight-errant,² for I feel like one. Therefore I must be one. As for armor, I’ll make myself a shield out of pasteboard and paint. My niece’s old horse shall be my steed; I shall call her Rosinante, which signifies Finest Horse of All. And as for a lady love — there was a country girl in Toboso, once, who smiled at me as I passed her picking cabbages in a field. *She* will be my lady. I shall call her — I shall call her — Dulcinea del Toboso, and in her name I shall fight the gallant wars of knight-errantry. That’s it. I shall have arms, a steed, *and* a lady love! Behold the knight-errant, Don Quixote!

NARRATOR: *While Don Quixote dreams his innocent dreams of glory, however, his niece, with whom he makes his home, is having an urgent conference with the local curate³ about her uncle.*

NIECE: Satan take his books, and all his learning too, for they have robbed my dear uncle of his senses! Oh, what am I to do?

CURATE: Have you tried reasoning with Don Quixote?

NIECE: Reasoning! My uncle will listen to no reason. Unless what you have to say is filled with giants and sorcerers and captive princesses, he’ll have none of your reasoning. Oh, I could cry with fury! His books, aye, all of them, deserve to be burned to ashes and cinders!

CURATE: They deserve to be burned, did you say? Why, there you have the very idea. Let us build a huge bonfire, and consign all your uncle’s books

Continued

¹*gregarious* — fond of company; sociable

²*knight-errant* — a knight travelling in search of adventures that will reveal his skill or generosity

³*curate* — a priest’s assistant

to the flames. That will be the end of his foolish notions.

NIECE: Why, what a wonderful idea! And with what joy will I throw those volumes one after the other into the roaring furnace. But come, good curate.

40 **There's work to be done. We must haul down the bookshelves, set the wood afire in the grate. Please give me a hand. There's little time to lose.**

CURATE: What a service this book-burning will be to Don Quixote. You, his niece, will prove his guardian angel in disguise.

45 **NIECE:** Come, good curate. Come to the library. We'll bring back my uncle's sanity yet.

NARRATOR: *Imagine Don Quixote's dismay when, upon arriving home an hour later, he sees his precious volumes of magic, sorcery, fiction and fact, his treasures of knighthood's legends, heaped in a blazing pile on the hearth, the smoke of learning curling up the chimney.*

50 **DON QUIXOTE** (*In anguish*): Niece! Niece! What devilry have we here?

NIECE: Oh, Uncle, a most dreadful thing has happened! A most frightful thing!

DON QUIXOTE: Most frightful, most dreadful indeed! What are all my books doing in the fireplace? Why are they enveloped by flame?

55 **NIECE** (*Stammering*): Now don't be angry, Uncle, for it's not of my doing. A — a sorceress came into the house.

DON QUIXOTE: A sorceress, you say?

NIECE: Well, I *think* she was a sorceress. She wore a black cloak and had a long white beard.

DON QUIXOTE: Yes, yes; that would be a sorceress, all right.

60 **NIECE:** Well, she — she took all your books and threw them onto the hearth. Then she said a — a magic word.

DON QUIXOTE (*Excitedly*): What magic word did she say?

NIECE: I — I don't remember. I didn't hear her too clearly. At any rate, the books went up in flames.

65 **DON QUIXOTE** (*Wailing*): Oh, what is to be done? What is to be done?

NIECE: It seems to me that you are to give up all your reading nonsense. That's what's to be done.

DON QUIXOTE: Never! Whoever did this dastardly deed must be punished. I must be avenged! Niece, bring me my sword!

70 **NIECE** (*Incredulously*): Uncle, what are you saying?

DON QUIXOTE: I have sworn an oath to right all the wrongs of this world, in the name of my beloved, Dulcinea del Toboso. The time has come, I see, for me to journey forth into the world on my mission. Farewell, my niece. I must go! (*Fading*) Make way for Don Quixote of La Mancha!

75 **NIECE** (*In despair*): Help us all! My uncle is madder than ever.

NARRATOR: *And so Don Quixote, his hopes high, his determination strong, puts on his pasteboard helmet, takes up his rusty lance and clambers onto the back of his rickety, underfed, overworked horse. As he trots his way across the village square in ridiculous splendor, he is hailed by the village loafer and ne'er-do-well, Sancho Panza.*

80

PANZA: Ho, there! Don Quixote! Where are you off to on this fine day, in that ludicrous costume?

Continued

DON QUIXOTE: Infidel!⁴ Only your ignorance, Sancho Panza, prevents my lopping off your head for such an insult to the knight-errant who has pledged himself to the service of Dulcinea del Toboso! Ludicrous indeed!

85 **PANZA:** Knight-errant, eh? Night-mare-ant would be more like it, I'd say. Where are you going, Quixote?

DON QUIXOTE: I go to seek my fortune in the world. I go to avenge the wrongs done me by some unnamed but horrible sorceress. I go to enforce justice in the country, to replace evil with honor.

90 **PANZA:** Quite a job you've cut out for yourself. And you're going on this wild goose chase alone?

DON QUIXOTE: Although a true knight should have a squire, I cannot allow the lack of one to prevent me from fulfilling my mission.

95 **PANZA:** But who will protect you, old man?

DON QUIXOTE: I shall need no other protection than mine own good right arm, and the love of my lady, the fairest of the fair, Dulcinea del Toboso. But it does seem a shame that I have no squire to accompany me, for a true knight may never gather riches, and I am sure to encounter great wealth along my journey.

100 **PANZA:** Great wealth, eh?

DON QUIXOTE: There is no question about it, Sancho Panza. Now, if I had a squire —

PANZA: He would be allowed to keep the fortune?

105 **DON QUIXOTE:** Exactly. Also, if I were to find a man worthy and willing to serve as my squire, I would make him Governor of the Island.

PANZA: Governor of the Island? What island?

DON QUIXOTE: Of whichever island I conquered first. Or, if I happened to annex a kingdom or two, my squire would fare even better. (*Sighs*) But alas, Sancho, I have no squire. No one will benefit from my journeys.

110 **PANZA:** What's wrong with *me*, Don Quixote?

DON QUIXOTE: You?

PANZA: Aye, me! Sancho Panza! I could be of great help to you, certainly. And I wouldn't mind picking up a little gold along the way, if it happened to come across our path, of course. Why not accept me as your squire?

115 **DON QUIXOTE:** Do you have a gallant steed?

PANZA: I have a gallant donkey named Dapple.

DON QUIXOTE: Very well, then, Sancho Panza. You may be my squire.

PANZA: One thing more, though. When I become governor of this island, will my wife, Teresa, become governess?

120 **DON QUIXOTE:** Who doubts it? Teresa shall be governess, with a golden crown upon her head.

PANZA: And a fine place for her, too, on an island! Since she is to gain as much from my traveling with you as I am, I don't see that she would object to my accompanying you.

125 **DON QUIXOTE:** What could she have to object to in your accompanying the most noble knight of all, Don Quixote of La Mancha?

PANZA: Nothing, I suppose — but then, you don't know my wife, Teresa.

TERESA (*Screaming, far off*): Sancho! Sancho Panza!

Continued

⁴Infidel — a person who has no religious beliefs

130 **PANZA** (*Quickly*): That's my little ladybird calling me now. Let's hurry and be
on our way.
DON QUIXOTE: Surely you aren't afraid of facing your wife, Panza.
PANZA (*Quickly*): No, no, no, of course not. It's just that I'd hate to see her
tears at my farewell. (*Fading*) Come, then, Don Quixote, let's be on our
135 way.
TERESA (*Screaming, far off*): Sancho, you lazy good-for-nothing! Sancho Panza!

NARRATOR: *And so, Don Quixote of La Mancha, and his faithful — if somewhat
henpecked — squire, Sancho Panza, plod out of their little village, and make
their way to the highway which will lead them to adventure, nobility and rich
140 reward.*

Miguel de Cervantes
Spanish author (1547-1616)
adapted by *Lewy Olfson*

III. Questions 22 to 32 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the magazine article "Proceed with Caution."

from PROCEED WITH CAUTION

If this is the year you decide to trade in the old rust bucket for a gleaming new set of wheels, you may not be patronized¹ in a new car showroom but that doesn't mean you can't be intimidated.

10 It's an automotive jungle out there, with a seemingly overwhelming choice of glitzy — and pricey — mechanical options you may or may not need. Spec sheets can look like hieroglyphics² to the uninitiated, and with the average automobile today boasting some 35,000 different parts, rest assured that technopeasants come in both sexes.

20 Assuming you have done your preliminary research and have a fair idea of what size car, what options and what budget is right for you, how do you make those technical comparisons between models? Are all the numbers in the car magazine charts relevant?

30 "No," says Mark Brotherston, a service station owner in London, Ont., and the author of *The Car Owner's Companion: A Guide to Commonly Used Automotive Terms*. "What's useful for consumers to have is some basic knowledge of car design and concepts. It's helpful, for instance, to know the difference between fuel injection and a carburetor, or disc brakes and drum brakes." That information will help you make sense of the brochures and spec sheets. "But once you get away from those very basic differences between cars," he says, "the lingo³ isn't all that critical."

George Iny, president of the Automobile Protection Association (APA), a national nonprofit consumer advocacy group, doesn't "put much store in the numbers game" either. "A good expert can play with things like weight, power, transmission ratios and the number of cylinders, and give you a pretty close approximation of how that vehicle will perform, but we don't think most people want or need to know that."

50 "Remember that salespeople aren't usually experts on cars but on human psychology, so they tend to size you up," explains Iny. If you're a technology buff, they'll throw some jargon at you. If you look intimidated, they'll let fly with some mumbo jumbo about horsepower to convince you you're in good hands. So follow the Boy Scout motto and be prepared.

60 A trip to the bookstore or library to beef up your car knowledge is a smart move but stick to consumer publications that explain the subject in layman's⁴ terms.

80 Assessing the relative safety of various models and sizes is a tricky business. "The APA generally recommends not buying a bigger car than you need, because of fuel costs, and we find that the compacts are probably the ideal size city car," says George Iny. But the whole size question has become blurry. "What was traditionally a compact in some makes has grown to the size of an intermediate, while some of the

Continued

¹patronized — treated in an offensively condescending manner

²hieroglyphics — writing in which symbols represent words

³lingo — specialized or technical language of a trade or profession

⁴layman — a person who does not have special or advanced training or a skill in a particular field

intermediates out now are bigger than many full-size cars in terms of trunk and interior space.”

90 Mark Brotherston says, “I’m old-fashioned enough to believe that if you’ve got a little more tin around you, you’re a little better protected. But even the larger cars tend to be more collapsible than they used to be.” Besides reading the published crash tests, evaluate the kind of driving you do and your own confidence level behind the wheel. A peppy sub-compact may be just the ticket for nipping in and out of tight parking spots around town, but get stuck between a couple of 18-wheelers on a windy highway and you’ll probably wish you’d gone up a size or two.

100 Iny observes that there’s a greater emphasis on safety in the new car market, with the introduction of such features as rear shoulder and head restraints for backseat passengers, and the daytime running lights that turn on and off automatically with the ignition that are now required on all new Canadian vehicles.

110 Air bags are also becoming standard equipment on a number of new vehicles. In less than a second after impact in a frontal collision, these nylon bags installed in the steering column or dashboard fill with harmless nitrogen gas, cushioning your head, neck and chest. In another split second, the air bags begin to deflate, so as not to obstruct the driver’s vision or reduce passengers’ mobility. Air bags don’t take the place of seat belts, but together, “the air bag-safety belt combo offers the best protection you can get and are well worth the extra money,” says George Iny.

120 Another worthwhile safety feature, says Iny, is a shift lock on

the automatic transmission, which will keep you in Park if you happen to shift into Drive or Reverse while your foot is accidentally on the gas.

140 Mark Brotherston emphasizes the importance of handling when considering safety. “Some cars are more nimble than others, so take the time to road test. You must feel absolutely comfortable with that car, feel that you’re in control rather than the car controlling you. Even the positioning of the seating is important, so that you feel alert and are sitting high enough to have good vision.”

150 Don’t be in such a rush that you don’t give due consideration to the feel and design of the car, advises Brotherston. “If you haven’t owned many cars, try different makes. Some people don’t know what they’re missing when they buy certain cars. You may be trying a poor-handling car and think it handles beautifully because your old car was such a piece of junk.” If you’re considering the switch from front-wheel to rear-wheel drive or vice versa, give yourself lots of opportunity to get used to the change in handling, Brotherston advises. Within a given size and price range, you can usually find several different makes and models to compare.

170 Like safety, comparing cars on the basis of how much they pollute the environment is difficult. “It used to be that you could recommend fuel injection and a catalytic converter, but these days, most cars are already equipped with these features,” says George Iny.

180 In terms of fuel consumption, regulated pollutants such as carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxide, which fall under environmental protection laws, don’t vary with the size of

Continued

vehicle, says Iny. "However, there is great concern today about unregulated pollutants that no one ever suspected of being harmful — like carbon dioxide, which is a byproduct of normal breathing processes. Because these pollutants do vary with the size of vehicle, your best bet is to burn the least fuel possible."

Old tires are also a definite source of pollution and hard to get rid of, so the APA generally recommends going with standard-width tires, which tend to last longer than high performance tires. "You can get twice the life out of an ordinary tire than you might out of a sports tire," says Iny. And keep your tires inflated, he adds. A properly inflated tire will last about 15 per cent longer than an underinflated one.

Now that you've settled on the right car, how do you strike the best deal? The economic forecasters predict a glut of cars on the market in 1990, which bodes well for consumers — if you know how to negotiate. Manufacturers have also realized that quality, not gimmicks, will win the market battle. "As cars have become so outrageously expensive, Canadian car buyers have come to better understand the concept of value, as opposed to just price and appearance," notes George Iny. Many of us are buying cars expecting to drive them into the ground — or at least hang on to them for four, five or more years.

Given the softening market and savvier⁵ 1990s consumers who insist on quality for their hard-earned dollar, new-car buyers really are in the driver's seat and can afford to take their time and shop the dealers as well as the vehicles. With so many showrooms around, there's no reason to tolerate pushy,

offhanded or patronizing treatment from sales staff.

Shopping around is the name of the game when you're trying to decide how best to finance the purchase. There are a number of alternatives to choose from — leasing, cash back offers, special loan terms — and you've got to investigate them all to know what's right for you.

Corporations have been leasing company cars for decades, but personal car leasing has only recently become a well-advertised option. Essentially, it's a contract to rent for a specified period of time, usually from 24 to 48 months. No large down payment is required and you make lower monthly payments, but George Iny insists that those are the only advantages to leasing. "Just because you don't own the car doesn't mean you can get out of a deal any easier than with a loan — in fact, it's harder, because the contracts really manacle you. There is very good lending legislation out there to protect consumers but no equivalent leasing legislation."

Iny explains that with a lease, you might be paying perhaps \$25 less per month. You also won't be paying eight to 12 per cent in interest charges on a bank loan. But, on the other side, leasing could be costing you 18 to 21 per cent more over the lifetime of the agreement than if you paid cash. "You can never come out ahead using that equation," he says.

The APA's recommendation for most people, "especially if you need flexibility to get out quickly, is to borrow because a loan can always be prepaid with a very small penalty," says Iny. "Always look at the total cost of the package — that is, the price of the new car, the trade-in on your old

⁵savvier (colloquial) — more knowledgeable

Continued

290 car and the financing — and then
start juggling. Compare the bank's
financing with the financing offered
by the dealer. Most people don't
take the time to compare the total
package and that's the biggest
buyer mistake we see."

300 Iny recommends never signing
a thing on your first visit to a
dealership, and leaving your trade-
in out of the deal until you've
bargained down the new car first,
with the options and delivery date
you want. Then ask, "how much
for my trade-in, and by the way,
what's the financing?" Go home
with those figures and calculate the

total price of the package. Shrewd
negotiating and an assertive attitude
can pay off.

310 Buying a new car is an
expensive project never to be
undertaken lightly. Cracking the
books to become better informed
takes discipline and, for most of
us, discussing car loans with our
bank manager has about as much
appeal as curling up in the dentist's
chair for root canal work. But it's
good to know that even we
mechanical klutzes can develop the
320 confidence to make knowledgeable,
well-informed choices, if we steer
our efforts in the right direction.

Allan Reznik
Canadian Living, March 1990

- IV. After reading the magazine article "Proceed with Caution", Robin writes to her friend, J.D. Read the first draft of Robin's letter, carefully noting her revisions, and answer questions 33 to 39 in your Questions Booklet.

702 Nalwen Crescent
Nalwen, Alberta
T5J 2T4

January 6, 1992

Hi J.D.,

Paragraph 1

Are you enjoying your new apartment? I wish you were ^{here} ~~hear~~ to talk to because I'm
^{VERY} ~~kind of~~ excited! Remember how my parents were ^{ai} ~~agianst~~ my getting a car? Would
you believe a ^{SCHOOL ASSIGNMENT} ~~school assignment~~ may change ^{their} ~~there~~ minds? I have to do ^a ~~this~~ report on
how to make the right choice when buying a car and they said if I do ^{really} ~~a~~ good job ^{then} ~~the~~
MAYBE,!

Paragraph 2

So ^{guess} ~~guess~~ what? I ^{found} ~~find~~ an article in one of ^M ~~m~~om's magazine ^s ~~s~~ that set ^s ~~s~~ the wheels in
motion -- pun! pun! That article ~~it~~ really got me thinking. Did you know that ^{some} ~~a~~ modern
cars ~~today~~ have ^{35,000} ~~many~~ different parts? That sure makes being your own mechanic ~~a~~
difficulty. The article ~~it~~ doesn't say that you have to know all the parts, but some "basic
^{knowledge} ~~knowledge~~ of car design" is useful.

Continued

Paragraph 3

According to the article,

^bBuilding safety devices into cars is ^{becoming} ~~becoming~~ more important. I ^{especially} ~~especially~~ like the ^{restraints} ~~restraints~~ and ^H ~~having~~ daytime running lights that are controlled by the ignition will ^{certainly} ~~certainly~~ prevent run-down ^{batteries} ~~batteries~~. ^{Finally,} ~~Even~~ air bags are becoming "standard equipment" on a lot of cars, and ^{the article} ~~it~~ explains how they work. I found that helpful ^{because} ~~because~~ I couldn't figure out how ^{they} ~~it~~ were set up to work.

Paragraph 4

Fuel-efficient

~~Fuel efficient~~ cars save ^{two} ~~too~~ money and the environment, which are pretty good reasons for not buying ["] ~~gas guzzlers~~. ^D ~~And~~ did you know that using tires that are standard width is good for the environment too? They last ^{15%} ~~longer~~ ^{—15% longer—} if they are ^{properly} ~~properly~~ inflated. Anything that saves me money ^{and is "environmentally friendly"} ~~really~~ makes the best of good sense to me. How about you?

Paragraph 5

I thought buying ^a ~~cars~~ was pretty easy until I read the article, and ^I ~~it~~ really ^{emphasizes} ~~gets across the~~ idea that "shopping around is the name of the game," and ^{It's} ~~its~~ ideas about arranging financing for the ^{information} ~~purchase of~~ a vehicle are really helpful ^{Also,} ~~because~~ it ^{suggests that} ~~says~~ you get all the financial ^{information} ~~figures~~ on your first visit to the dealer, and then you add up the total costs at home. When you have done that, then ^{you're} ~~you're~~ ready to do some shrewd negotiating ^{that} ~~which~~ should pay off. Finally, it advises "cracking the books" for more information, so I'm off to the library to do that.

Your friend,

Robin

Robin

V. Questions 40 to 46 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CICADA¹

All week our backyard rang
with the piercing ecstasy
of a tree-hidden cicada
until a freakish cold snap
5 silenced him
Today my cat finds him
on his back
at the bole² of my linden³
a fish out of water
10 transparent wings faintly buzzing

But I play the backyard good Samaritan⁴
and chase away my tabby
who has lavished upon us
summer-long gifts of
15 sparrows, mice & dragonflies

I deny her a rare cicada
but hesitate to touch
this dark awkward fellow
Clumsily I scoop him up
20 in a small wooden bowl
rest him in a linden-crotch
to revive & resume his August solo

My cat sits gaping
neighbour's cat joins her
25 green-eyed predators
ears/tails twitching

I return to my patio reading —
let nature take her course
The cats close in
30 one is halfway to the bowl
before I drag her
protesting down

Continued

¹cicada (sĩ-kā'də) — a heavy-bodied chirping winged insect

²bole — the trunk of a tree

³linden — a shade tree

⁴good Samaritan — from a parable in the *Bible*; a person who helps those in distress

Again I resume my book
 while feline sentries stare treeward
 35 Suddenly bowl slips from branch
 cicada flutters down to grass &
 I'm compelled once more to aid
 this numb insect
 I try to activate the spastic wings &
 40 with dish as sling
 fling him up to the highest branches
 hoping he'll take hold
 No, the ingrate slithers &
 flaps down to earth
 45 oblivious of drooling cats

Fool, I mutter
I'm trying to save you
 and sling him treeward
 down he tumbles
 50 faint-hearted feckless⁵
 up up I fling him &
 down he dives hara-kiri⁶

One more time
 I launch him into tree-space
 55 again he plummets earthward
 but this time
 two feet from land
 his wings blur into action
 he levels off
 60 hedge-hops erratically
 a WWI biplane
 miraculously clears the board fence &
 disappears into shrubbery.

Richard Woollatt
 Contemporary Canadian poet

⁵feckless — purposeless

⁶hara-kiri — ritual suicide practised by Japanese samurai warriors

VI. Questions 47 to 54 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *A Christmas Memory*.

from A CHRISTMAS MEMORY

The story is set in the southern United States.

Imagine a morning in late November. A coming of winter morning more than twenty years ago. Consider the kitchen of a spreading old house in a country town. A great black stove is its main feature; but there is also a big round table and a fireplace with two rocking chairs placed in front of it. Just today the fireplace
5 commenced its seasonal roar.

A woman with shorn white hair is standing at the kitchen window. She is wearing tennis shoes and a shapeless gray sweater over a summery calico dress. She is small and sprightly, like a bantam hen; but, due to a long youthful illness, her shoulders are pitifully hunched. Her face is remarkable — not unlike Lincoln's,
10 craggy like that, and tinted by sun and wind; but it is delicate too, finely boned, and her eyes are sherry-colored and timid. "Oh my," she exclaims, her breath smoking the windowpane, "it's fruitcake weather!"

The person to whom she is speaking is myself. I am seven; she is sixty-something. We are cousins, very distant ones, and we have lived together — well,
15 as long as I can remember. Other people inhabit the house, relatives; and though they have power over us, and frequently make us cry, we are not, on the whole, too much aware of them. We are each other's best friend. She calls me Buddy, in memory of a boy who was formerly her best friend. The other Buddy died in the 1880's, when she was still a child. She is still a child. . . .

20 *(The story continues with a description of Christmas preparations by the cousins. These include the baking of fruitcakes. These cakes are sent to people who are important to Buddy and his cousin, such as President Roosevelt.)*

Christmas Eve afternoon we scrape together a nickel and go to the butcher's to buy Queenie's traditional gift, a good gnawable beef bone. The bone, wrapped
25 in funny paper, is placed high in the tree near the silver star. Queenie knows it's there. She squats at the foot of the tree staring up in a trance of greed: when bedtime arrives she refuses to budge. Her excitement is equalled by my own. I kick the covers and turn my pillow as though it were a scorching summer's night. Somewhere a rooster crows: falsely, for the sun is still on the other side
30 of the world.

"Buddy, are you awake?" It is my friend, calling from her room, which is next to mine; and an instant later she is sitting on my bed holding a candle. "Well, I can't sleep a hoot," she declares. "My mind's jumping like a jack
35 rabbit. Buddy, do you think Mrs. Roosevelt will serve our cake at dinner?" We huddle in the bed, and she squeezes my hand I-love-you. "Seems like your hand used to be so much smaller. I guess I hate to see you grow up. When you're grown up, will we still be friends?" I say always. "But I feel so bad, Buddy. I wanted so bad to give you a bike. I tried to sell my cameo Papa gave me. Buddy" — she hesitates, as though embarrassed — "I made you another kite." Then I
40 confess that I made her one, too; and we laugh. The candle burns too short to

Continued

hold. Out it goes, exposing the starlight, the stars spinning at the window like a visible caroling that slowly, slowly daybreak silences. Possibly we doze; but the beginnings of dawn splash us like cold water: we're up, wide-eyed and wandering while we wait for others to waken. Quite deliberately my friend drops a kettle on
45 the kitchen floor. I tap-dance in front of closed doors. One by one the household emerges, looking as though they'd like to kill us both; but it's Christmas, so they can't. First, a gorgeous breakfast: just everything you can imagine — from flapjacks and fried squirrel to hominy grits and honey-in-the-comb. Which puts everyone in a good humor except my friend and me. Frankly, we're so impatient to get at
50 the presents we can't eat a mouthful.

Well, I'm disappointed. Who wouldn't be? With socks, a Sunday school shirt, some handkerchiefs, a hand-me-down sweater and a year's subscription to a religious magazine for children. *The Little Shepherd*. It makes me boil. It really does.

My friend has a better haul. A sack of Satsumas,¹ that's her best present.
55 She is proudest, however, of a white wool shawl knitted by her married sister. But she says her favorite gift is the kite I built her. And it *is* very beautiful; though not as beautiful as the one she made me, which is blue and scattered with gold and green Good Conduct stars; moreover, my name is painted on it, "Buddy."

"Buddy, the wind is blowing."

The wind is blowing, and nothing will do till we've run to a pasture below
60 the house where Queenie has scooted to bury her bone (and where, a winter hence, Queenie will be buried, too). There, plunging through the healthy waist-high grass, we unreel our kites, feel them twitching at the string like sky fish as they swim into the wind. Satisfied, sun-warmed, we sprawl in the grass and peel Satsumas
65 and watch our kites cavort. Soon I forget the socks and hand-me-down sweater. I'm as happy as if we'd already won the fifty-thousand-dollar Grand Prize in a coffee-naming contest.

"My, how foolish I am!" my friend cries, suddenly alert, like a woman remembering too late she has biscuits in the oven. "You know what I've always
70 thought?" she asks in a tone of discovery, and not smiling at me but a point beyond. "I've always thought a body would have to be sick and dying before they saw the Lord. And I imagined that when He came it would be like looking at the Baptist window: pretty as colored glass with the sun pouring through, such a shine you don't know it's getting dark. And it's been a comfort: to think of
75 that shine taking away all the spooky feeling. But I'll wager it never happens. I'll wager at the very end a body realizes the Lord has already shown Himself. That things as they are" — her hand circles in a gesture that gathers clouds and kites and grass and Queenie pawing earth over her bone — "just what they've always seen, was seeing Him. As for me, I could leave the world with today in my
80 eyes."

This is our last Christmas together.

Life separates us. Those who Know Best decide that I belong in a military school. And so follows a miserable succession of bugle-blowing prisons, grim reveille-ridden² summer camps. I have a new home too. But it doesn't count.
85 Home is where my friend is, and there I never go.

Continued

¹Satsumas — mandarin oranges

²reveille — a bugle call early in the morning to awaken people

And there she remains, puttering around the kitchen. Alone with Queenie. Then alone. ("Buddy dear," she writes in her wild hard-to-read script, "yesterday Jim Macy's horse kicked Queenie bad. Be thankful she didn't feel much. I wrapped her in a Fine Linen sheet and rode her in the buggy down to Simpson's pasture
90 where she can be with all her Bones . . ."). For a few Novembers she continues to bake her fruitcakes single-handed; not as many, but some: and, of course, she always sends me "the best of the batch." Also, in every letter she encloses a dime wadded in toilet paper: "See a picture show and write me the story." But gradually in her letters she tends to confuse me with her other friend, the Buddy
95 who died in the 1880's; more and more thirteenthths are not the only days she stays in bed: a morning arrives in November, a leafless birdless coming of winter morning, when she cannot rouse herself to exclaim: "Oh my, it's fruitcake weather!"

And when that happens, I know it. A message saying so merely confirms a piece of news some secret vein had already received, severing from me an
100 irreplaceable part of myself, letting it loose like a kite on a broken string. That is why, walking across a school campus on this particular December morning, I keep searching the sky. As if I expected to see, rather like hearts, a lost pair of kites hurrying toward heaven.

Truman Capote
American novelist and short story writer
(1924-84)

VII. Questions 55 to 59 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

LIVING APART

Thin days this parting
brings. So letterless
for weeks now even she
cannot believe it's merely
5 slowness of the mails.
Stretched time
fine fine like spun-out glass¹
and dangerously cool she
waits.
10 And writes
into the emptiness,
her letters shorter now
and questionless, uncertain
words like filigree,²
15 love pencil-faint and
trembling underneath
the weight of
this immense unanswering.

Jan Zwicky
Contemporary Canadian writer

¹spun-out glass — thin blown glass

²filigree — delicate and intricate ornamental work

VIII. Questions 60 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

HOW WE EARN OUR PLACE IN THE SUN

Outside, the temperature, stated in the current way, is minus 26. Those who still take the trouble to convert it to premetric coldness call it 15 below. Either way, it is cold. "Plunging temperatures threaten exposed flesh," the newspaper warns.

5 Pretty cold, we say to each other. But not as cold as last year. And last year was not as cold as '79 or '78 — whenever that real cold snap was. It's true that Americans and Europeans might not go out in it, but listen. . . .

They're not Canadians, are they? Canadians enjoy the winter. Some of us don't think we do, some of us say we don't but we do. Winter is a great plaything
10 for some of us, a terrific topic of conversation for the rest. And nothing makes us feel more confident, more superior, than reading about the troubles of other nations with snow and cold.

A blizzard shuts down Washington or New York? Hell, that much snow would be cleared in an hour and a half in Ottawa. Winds and cold paralyse
15 London? C'mon: in Winnipeg we'd be out *playing* in that! The Soviet Union suffers its worst storm in history? Wimps. We'd be clearing the rink, probably without a sweater on.

Take a look around this minus-26 day. The Canadians are not huddled around the stove. They are not cowering under the covers. They are out in their cars,
20 driving around. Despite a snowstorm yesterday, the roads are clear. Despite the cold, the streets are crowded. It is Saturday, and the Canadians are going shopping.

In the old days the Canadians would be going trapping or hunting. They would be cutting down trees or cutting holes in the ice. Now they are shopping. But they are still Canadians, and it is still cold. Canadians are among the most
25 determined shoppers in the world, and it will take more than a little cold and a lot of snow to stop them. That's one thing to remember about Canadians. The other thing is that Canadians like the cold and the snow a lot more than they usually admit.

Go to a party in any Canadian town during the coldest night of the winter.
30 Watch the people arrive with flushed faces, banging their gloves together and stamping their feet on the floor. Considering how cold it is, they look amazingly happy, don't they? Even when they have to go outside every hour to start their cars. They come in and chat merrily about how the car started, or didn't, or almost didn't.

35 "Isn't it cold?" they say, and the question carries enthusiasm and a certain joy. "I read that plunging temperatures are threatening exposed flesh," someone will say, and someone else will talk about a car that almost didn't start, or almost did.

It is a much more lively, much more cheerful conversation than the one, in
40 warmer climes, that begins, "Isn't it hot?" People who ask "Isn't it hot?" are lying back on chaises longues,¹ mopping their brows in a bored way or having their brows mopped for them. They are listless, enervated. There is no joy, no sense of triumph in "Isn't it hot?"

Continued

¹chaises longues — reclining lawn chairs

45 The joy of cold lies in enduring it. To endure is to triumph over it. To endure is to earn the precious few months of heat and sunshine that follow, eventually. A Canadian, unlike his cousins in warmer places, does not take his warm days for granted.

The act of enduring winter does not require that a Canadian necessarily go out in it much, although there are extremists who do so — skiers, skaters and their ilk.

50 Small acts of endurance are enough: warming up the car on a cold night, shovelling snow, short walks through some of Canada's legendary windy intersections, standing by the boards in a hockey arena. It is significant that cold hockey arenas figure prominently in the fond memories of Canadians. A nation's fond memories are usually a pretty good tip-off to a nation's soul.

In the cold arena, a young Canadian parent freezes his or her toes off standing by the boards, watching young Scott learn hockey or young Jennifer learn figure skating — or (now that you mention it) watching young Scott learn figure skating and young Jennifer learn hockey. Occasionally the young Canadian parent ducks into the canteen area to get warm. The canteen area smells like hot chocolate and cigarettes. This particular fond Canadian memory is a mixture of hot chocolate, parental pride and cold feet.

When cold feet figure prominently in the treasured recollections of a nation, the conclusion cannot be avoided that winter has a grip on the nation's soul. Not everyone would have it this way, unfortunately. Tanning studios send out the lure of endless summer. Radio and television stations issue the siren song of free trips to Florida. Revisionists are hard at work constructing, in our large cities, indoor streets, complete with glass walls, high ceilings and real trees.

Using the most sophisticated audio equipment, it might soon be possible for them to simulate the night sounds of pucks hitting boards in an outdoor rink and the crunch of 15-below snow underfoot.

It is the dream of such people that Canadians abandon their obsession with the outdoors, the loon, the lake, the snow, the cold, and get on with the important business of moving indoors and becoming truly cosmopolitan. Some day soon, they hope, Canada can be just like New York, or perhaps San Francisco, or perhaps the best shopping mall in Lincoln, Neb. They yearn, in other words, for Canada to become a mature nation, judged not by its climate but by the sauces in its restaurants.

80 In the meantime, however, it is minus 26 out there, and Canadians, instead of sampling the finer things in life, are watching the weather on TV. A proud time for us, in our immaturity, is when we catch the American weather, piped by cable in from the nearest major city to the south. Hearing the traveller's advisories and extreme weather warnings aimed at those who are about to experience the weather we just drove home in, we just smile and rub more snow on our feet.

For a moment, The Canadian inferiority complex is out of mind. We may have doubts about our football league, our culture, even — in the dark night of the soul — our federal cabinet. Much as we love our summers, we may know they are nothing to brag about, particularly to those in more southern climes.

90 Our winter, though, is world class.

Charles Gordon
Contemporary Canadian newspaper columnist

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